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By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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*An Imperial Passion**

By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Sometimes the world seems to let us alone. We can live all our lives and not very many questions are asked. Sometimes the world makes tremendous demands upon us. They grow and grow until we fairly stagger under the weight of it all. We wonder where we can find vitality and power to carry us through all that we must do.

Looking back to the world before nineteen-fourteen, it now seems strangely carefree, light-hearted and safe from the pressure of terrific responsibility. We did not know that the lightning was preparing to strike. We did not know that the foundations of the world were crumbling and that soon there was to be ruin all about us. Then came the shock, the sudden disillusionment, and all the tragic realization of the world war. Now we have settled to bear the new weight of responsibility. Now we have begun to take our place in the new and strange world in which we live. We are carefree no more. The weight of the age has settled upon us, and there are moments of sudden realization when we wonder if it will crush us to the earth.

We have begun to ask a hard and candid and remorseless question of ourselves. We have begun to ask it about others. Are we strong enough to meet the demand these days make? Are we going to be able to go through meeting all the recurring shocks and all the unspeakable demand for grim and unhesitating and loyal action until the victory is won.

We love America and our hearts thrill at the thought of our land rising to meet the world-wide crisis.

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*Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered in the Chapel of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, June 2, 1918.

America, my heart's land,
My singing is for thee,
America the homeland
Of rapturous liberty.

America, the glad land,
Scattering joy and song;
America, the strong land,
Fierce battler against many.

America, the friendly land,
Face smiling and eyes bright,
America, the stern land,
In war's imperial might.

America, the man's land,
Strong limbed and full of power;
America, the woman's land,
Fair blooming like a flower.

America, the children's land,
Of mirth and merry plays;
America, the old folk's land,
Of golden sunset days.

America, my heart's land,
My singing is for thee;
America, the home-land,
Of rapturous liberty.

We love our land and we lift the testing, pressing question,
Will America be vital enough, and enduring enough for the
great crisis?

This question comes with definite emphasis as one addresses a large group of young women who are just about to finish their college course. The womanhood of America must be strong to put inspiration and faithfulness and unhesitating loyalty into American life. Will the demand be met? We have read with astonishment of the fashion in which the womanhood of other lands has risen to the occasion. That Canadian woman who with her heart full of mourning for sons already slain, wrote to the lad wounded in America, "Oh, my son, get well quickly and go back and strike another blow for liberty," represents a vision, a moral and spiritual strength, which comes to us as a challenge. And we are already seeing the light of the same devotion in American women's eyes. Still the question emerges. How shall we become strong enough to go through these long and terrible

days to the very end? How shall American womanhood be made stronger than the worst which an evil fate can do?

As soon as we look into the matter with earnest care, we discover that our great need is the need of a passion, the need of an imperial passion which shall carry us through tragedy and pain and waiting to the day of victory, and in that later day carry us through the demanding work of rebuilding the world.

Naturally we look to the great Master of life for the decisive word in respect of this matter. Naturally we go to the one whose victorious life and luminous words have been a transforming power in twenty centuries for guidance here. And His word is characteristic in its brief and telling and epigrammatic power: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." The source of power in human life, is its deepest desire. Not what we have but what we want defines us. And the men and women who want righteousness more than anything else, who have given themselves to a deep hunger for personal righteousness, and national righteousness, and righteousness for the world, will have an imperial passion which sweeps everything else aside as incidental, and fills them with strength as the living Christ touches their lives. The men and women whose passionate desire for righteousness has drawn them to the living Christ will not fail in this critical hour.

This imperial passion will deepen and enrich all our relationships. It will put new, bright and vivid energy into social life until all our relations have a certain beautiful and noble and kindling quality. It is always a fine thing to know well one whose great desire is for great things and who is not perpetually wasting devotion upon the incidental. There is an inner glow which seems breaking through every way of escape in some personalities, it is the glow of a noble and royal passion, which loves the right and seeks it and surrenders to it. A great day has come to us when we have found something bigger than ourselves. We will no longer be center of the picture. But it will be a greater picture, all full of the sunlight of noble living.

The imperial passion will give us courage for the hard and long and grinding tasks of everyday. There is no such thing

as dull routine if we bring a fresh and creative spirit to our task. The spirit transfigures the work.

The woman with the imperial passion for righteousness in every relationship has no time for heavy and bitter brooding. She brings such vigor and enthusiasm and vital energy to every task, that her own presence fills it with a quality impossible before. "I am going back to a very dull town," said a young graduate to a college president. "It need not be after you arrive," was the quick reply.

The imperial passion will make us ready for all the tasks of this war. In a sense, women must win it. They have such tremendous possibilities in creating morale. "And it is morale which wins victories," Napoleon used to say. There are three war tasks as we approach our share in the conflict. The first is the mobilization of men. And right wonderfully that is going on. The second is the mobilization of material resources. That too is being carried on in extraordinary fashion. We have now enough storehouses in France to reach the distance from New York to Philadelphia. There is a third task. That is the mobilizing of the invisible moral and spiritual resources of the nation. It is one of the greatest of the tasks which confront us. To keep the vision of the meaning of this war for international decency, and international order, clear in men's minds, and to cause it to burn like fire in their hearts, is one of the supreme necessities of the hour. Here women have a tremendous opportunity. Every letter written to a cantonment or to France helps to make a stronger or a weaker soldier. The mothers and the wives and the sweethearts can make our soldiers invincible. And the imperial passion for a world-wide victory of righteousness can put the secret of this inspiration in their own hearts.

The imperial passion can put into our hearts even during the war that attitude and that outlook which are necessary for the rebuilding of the world. The self-giving of chaplains and nurses and Association workers must become a permanent part in the life of the world. That vision of ultimate brotherhood which enabled Albert of Belgium to pray "forgive" when the word

was choking in the throats of a little group of people about him, must be kept before our eyes. This war must be won whatever the cost. And we must make the recurrence of such an attack on civilization by the central powers impossible. But the victory must mean at last the triumph of fairness and generosity and not a triumph of hate. Military defeat complete and unmistakable is the beginning of our opportunity to bring the defeated into the better life of the new day. A war is never really won as a discerning poet has said, "until you make your foe your friend." The imperial passion for righteousness will bring this about. For righteousness is never finally triumphant until hate has been cast out of the heart.

The share of women inspired by the high, stern, loving spirit of Christ in the gaining of the victory and the rebuilding of the world will be vast and far reaching. Their imperial passion will make them strong and put light in the eyes of the men who must fight.

I listened to the crash of wild explosion,
As fierce winged shells moved madly through the air.
I saw the chaos and the red confusion,
Of battlefields with terror everywhere.
Then with a sudden gleam of strange surprise,
I saw the bright light in the soldiers' eyes.

As men dashed on with bayonets set for charging,
Their bodies tense—their arms steel gripping steel,
A thousand memories their hearts enlarging,
Through war's hot passion love's far-flung appeal
Like golden shining of the sunset skies,
I saw the bright light in the soldiers' eyes.

The arms of far-off children clasping tightly,
The necks of men held in war's hard embrace,
Invisible loved faces smiling brightly,
With old-time witchery and tender grace.
Though around death's ghastly shadows lie,
These bring the bright light to the soldiers' eye.

A dream of men in new strong bonds united,
Beyond the burning fever of the strife,
A dream of peace beyond a world benighted,
Where war has bivouacked at the death of life.
A dream of that new day which shall arise,
This brings the bright light to the soldiers' eyes.

I saw the day break with the sun's bright gleaming,
The Easter daybreak with a world at peace.
After Golgotha with its death's redeeming,
After the suffering which wrought release.
I knew then the meaning of the tortured cries.
I saw the bright light in the soldiers' eyes.

The imperial passion—the hunger for righteousness in all life's relations—kindled and made to glow by the mighty power of the great Master, will carry us through the darkness into the light which is to be.

*Literature and World Democracy**

By JOHN CALVIN METCALF

The most significant fact for us Americans in this world war is the birth of internationalism. War, with all its horrors, has nevertheless one redeeming virtue: it breaks up the old adhesions and causes the atoms of society to assemble themselves into new forms. War is both a solvent and a purifier; in a time of war we all go on voyages of discovery either actually or vicariously. In the first place, we have learned a great deal of geography. We diligently study the maps, we get letters from over there, we send messages and money and gifts, our kinsmen and kinswomen are there, and in spirit we are there ourselves. In the next place, we have managed to assimilate an astonishing amount of foreign political and social history. We have discovered the line of cleavage between democratic governments and autocracies, and we have a new-born passion in our hearts for the liberation of the world. We have been trying for a hundred years the national melting-pot; now we are experimenting with militant and international fusing-irons. Our democracy is no longer static and pacific; it has become dynamic and compelling. We have exchanged the provincial mind for the international mind.

A year or two ago we heard much of defending our rights. It was assumed by many patriotic Americans that our main business was to keep the Teutons from attacking our coasts. A well known American statesman is reported to have said that if the Teutons dared to do it, a million embattled farmers would seize their old squirrel rifles, jump in their Ford cars and drive the invaders in confusion back into the sea. How antique and childlike that sounds to-day! This is not primarily a war of defense, but a crusade of release. When we

*Commencement Address delivered in the Chapel of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, June 4, 1918.

freed Cuba in 1898 we committed ourselves to a larger program. Up to that time all our wars had been in defense of national or sectional rights, of local and internal liberty. But the Battle of Manila Bay and Santiago opened a new outlet for our pent-up provincialism. We had fought in order that a neighboring island might have a chance at national selfhood and a group of far-away islands a benevolent supervision while their people were learning the lessons of democracy.

Ever since that momentous day in our history, we have felt more and more strongly the impulse and the new spirit of the larger patriotism. We began to look outward and to feel it our duty to lend a helping hand. The conviction that somehow destiny was forcing us to take stock in international affairs began to grow. This conviction was of course pacific, not militant; we dreamed that reason and humanity would settle international troubles, and that the war drum would throb no longer. Now we find ourselves in what looks like a topsy-turvy universe. We thought we had settled most vital questions, and we thought we understood the fundamentals. Now we wake up, rub our eyes and ask ourselves what has become of the fundamentals.

The most satisfactory answers to that question we are getting from a handful of allied statesmen, chief among them our own great President. More clearly than anyone else he has formulated our aims: "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." * * * "We shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people."

This ideal of safe and sane internationalism, based on the fundamental trinity of fraternity, equality, and liberty, is deeply reflected in the literature and particularly in the

poetry of the last three years. The spiritual history of a nation may be read in its patriotic poetry. In times of supreme crisis the human spirit finds release through song, achieves a new freedom. Shelley once said that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world, and that the highest form of legislation is the exalted service of poetry in guiding and ultimately determining the final verdicts of the soul of man. Whether legislators or not, the poets are prophets. They are the first to sense the roaring of a wind in the world which blows away old clouds and cobwebs of outworn creeds.

Back in 1898, when our active period of world democracy was faintly beginning, a young American poet, Richard Hovey, sensed the spirit of the new era which had dawned. His stirring lines, "The Call of the Bugles," rebuked those who were crying peace when peace would mean a compromise with wrong. That poem might have been written yesterday, so clearly does it sound the note of militant patriotism which rings through our land today:

Not against war,
But against wrong,
League we in mighty bonds
 from sea to sea!
Peace, when the world is free!
Peace, when there is no thong,
Fetter nor bar!
No scourges for men's backs,
No thumbscrews and no racks—
For body or soul!
No unjust law!
No tyrannous control
Of brawn or maw!
But though the day be far,
Till then, war!

A new literature is being born out of this struggle for world democracy to usher in the young world after this inferno of blood. For the past three years hardly a novel has been written that is not tinged with blood and shot through with twilight streaks of shattered faith and broken idols. Into poetry has come back a vigor, a thrilling virility, which you will look for in vain in the tired verse before

the war. It is as if the spirit of the Elizabethans, those vital ancestors of ours, had found its reincarnation through war in the singer of today. Out of the French Revolution, which began in a fierce outburst against tyranny and a wild reign of terror for a freer world, came the impulse that evoked the passionate liberty poems of Byron and Shelley. Of those days Wordsworth exclaimed:

Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

The splendors of a new dawn for Democracy make radiant the newest poetry.

The first thing that impresses one in this poetry is the pervading sense of adventure and of an open future. It is the romance of perilous daring. This war has meant for the peoples of Europe and will ultimately mean for us the passage from an easy contentment and security into a life, the stuff of which is woven of agonies and dangers and renunciations; the sweeping away of everything that is safe, everything that is comfortable. This sense of a great adventure is voiced most clearly by poets militant who have thrown themselves into the conflict. It is the unique distinction of this war that in its fiery furnace have been shaped a few great lyrics by men who perished in the fray. Over thirty well known English and American poets and many of less renown have been at the front. The spirit of glorious daring, the sense of relief from the normal conventions of life, and the chance to heal oneself by overcoming physical fear, gave to these singers a new utterance that shows how magnificently their minds reacted to the cruelty and the pity of it all and how the passion and the energy of war purged and exalted their souls. Of each one it might be said that war put a new song into his mouth and that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.

I am thinking of men like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger and Robert Verne and Francis Ledwidge and Edward Thomas and John McCrea, to mention only a few of those who went with songs to the battle. All the world knows

Rupert Brooke's great sonnet, "The Soldier," so far the finest lyric utterance of the war; and everybody is now familiar with our own Alan Seeger's lines, consecrated by his own heroic death:

I have a rendez-vous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air.—

All of us have read Herbert Asquith's sonnet on the obscure clerk

—who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away,
With no lance broken in life's tournament;

but who found release from his dull, drab-colored existence in the clash of arms and went at last to join the men of Agincourt.

In current war poetry we discover a new and livelier sense of brotherhood among the allied nations, twenty-one of whom are leagued together in a righteous cause to which they have pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. It is a brotherhood cemented by sacrifice. It is an alliance of big brothers for the protection of their little brothers. For us the bond of union is naturally closest with our British kin; but hardly less close with that second home of all lovers of beauty and nobility of spirit, France. More than sixty years ago Tennyson anticipated the present situation when, in his "Hands All Round," he called out to America:

Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant's powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadside roar with ours. . . .
O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs
O speak to Europe through your guns!
They *can* be understood by kings.

Well, our broadside is roaring with England's at this very hour, and our guns will be understood in the palace of Potsdam.

Shortly after the declaration of war last year, Ambassador Page asserted that "we shall get out of this association an indissoluble companionship, and we shall henceforth have indissoluble mutual duties for mankind." This is the burden of many lyrics. One of the finest of these fraternal poems is Florence Holt's sonnet "England and America:"

Mother and child! Though the dividing sea
Shall roll its tide between us, we are one,
Knit by immortal memories, and none
But feels the throb of ancient fealty.
A century has passed since at thy knee
We learnt the speech of freeman, caught the fire
That would not brook thy menaces, when sire
And grandsire hurled injusticee back to thee.
But the full years have wrought equality;
The past outworn, shall not the future bring
A deeper union, from whose life shall spring
Mankind's best hope? In the dark night of strife
Men perished for their dream of liberty
Whose lives were given for this larger life.

This note of brotherhood is essentially a contribution of this epic contest for democracy. In the older days nationalism was strong, but there was no international mind. Each nation was for itself, had itself to save and its enemy to destroy, but did not reach out to embrace any other peoples except in the form of conventional sentiment. Today the martial lyric has lost the old fierce nationalism and has acquired instead a tone of universality.

The burden of our older war lyrics may be summed up in the words "defense" and "isolation." Let us guard our freedom from intrusion, they implied; let us rally round the flag and make it the symbol of internal safety and stability; let us have individual liberty, and above all, let us have industrial prosperity; let us get our house in order, cultivate our own garden, mind our own business, stay at home and be happy, and let Europe commit suicide, if she has a mind to. It was the lyric cry of domestic bliss in the land of the free and the home of the brave. It was a plea for interior development, with a wall around us to keep us from getting out and making any foreign entanglements. The door was open, to be sure, for the oppressed and the exiled from other lands, all too wide open, as it now

appears; but then we had a sort of childlike faith in the perfect working of the melting-pot, except perchance for certain orientals, and moreover, we banked heavily on the embattled farmer and birdshot. The older patriotic poetry, in other words, glorified the idea of little Americanism, and generously extended an invitation to all sorts and conditions of alien folk to come and be assimilated in our charming polyglot paradise. We then thought the chief function of our Goddess of Liberty was to enlighten the world; we have since discovered that her main and urgent business is to free the world.

The tone of current literature is vibrant with the thrill of perilous adventure in the air, under the sea, and on the infernal rim of No Man's Land; our poetry is luminous with the heartening ideals of a vaster brotherhood. But for the first time in history it celebrates the redemptive power of democracy. It took us a good while to agree unanimously as to why we are in this war. A year ago some were saying that it was to avenge the sinking of our ships, or to maintain our rights on the high seas, or to protect our commerce, or to save ourselves if the British navy failed to keep back the invading vikings. None of these will now be accepted as an entirely satisfactory answer. Democracy militant, redemptive, and beneficent, is the ringing reply to the autocratic challenge of the foe. Our motive is the most idealistic in the history of nations. No lust of conquest, no desire for indemnity, no imperial ambition, no hunger for territory, have turned this erstwhile pacific land into an arsenal of war and into one vast training camp. What aroused America, and what aroused England, was an outraged sense of justice, the colossal apostasy of a so-called Christian nation inflamed by the sacrilegious conceit of a Prussian madman.

Into our national life there has come at last a new and solemn purpose that stirs the imagination, a mighty motive that sets us to work and makes us creators and not critics, doers and not talkers, and makes our poets more than idle singers of an empty day. We were tired of mere talk in literature and in education and in religion and in politics. As Kenneth Macgowan says, we were tired of talk that everyone accepted and no one acted

on; we were tired of talk that nobody accepted and everyone acted on; we were tired of talk that nobody accepted and nobody acted on—except perhaps the angels and a few Bolsheviks. Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Chesterton had pounded us with paradox until our laughter had grown automatic or mildly mocking as at the familiar joke of an anecdotal friend. Henry James had wearied us with his refined emotional vivisection, while his brother William was hunting for a moral equivalent of war. Edgar Lee Masters was enlightening us with the post-mortem comments of the denizens of Spoon River; and Vachel Lindsay was piping to us of the saltatory doings of the negroes of the Congo.

But now a fine, thrilling vitality has come back into literature. We have passed almost at a bound from the local and the trivial and the bizarre to the universal and the essential and the primal things—

Things that time cannot fashion and unfashion,
The fearless faith that love of freedom gives,
The fire, the inextinguishable passion,
The will to die, so only freedom lives.

After all, the war poets are saying, what is the individual as compared with the cause for which he is fighting and the land he loves with deathless devotion? What is physical suffering, or mere death, for that matter, when you know that human freedom is having its Gethsemane in agony and blood? Such is the motive of that stirring poem by Herbert Kaufman, "The Hell-Gate of Soissons," on which the world again has its eyes fixed today:

My leg, *malheureusement*, I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.
Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valor again.
A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honour to tell
How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Dante had a vision of Paradise because he had been through Hell. But Dante's hell was mediaeval and mystical; and yet all the world remembers him because he suffered in spirit and was an exile from the city he loved. What a motive and a cue for passion has the poet today who has fought in the trenches

and who has looked with infinitely saddened eyes upon a world in ruins! Can the writers of books ever revert to their old games and problems? Can the American playwright ever thrill us again with Indians and cowboys and melodramatic maidens on windswept plains, safe, safe in the rescuing arms of the knight of the galloping broncho? No, we cannot return to the status quo ante, even if we wished to do so; we have already learned and suffered too much to have any desire to go back to our old complacent provincialism. We are acquiring a world-consciousness, and that will mean a new national self-consciousness. The new generation will have much more in common with the people of other nations. This war will enrich our emotions and make more complex our thinking; and out of this enrichment will spring a greater literature.

It will celebrate America's supreme contribution to the spiritual wealth of the world, a redemptive democracy. It is already beginning to do that. Our American poet, James Oppenheim, appeals to the young world:

The day of democracy?—Yes.
And what is democracy?
It is allowance for each man's wish,
And so the mass-wish rules.
Not needs, not duties, not rights,
But wishes, desires, wills.
But when shall men wish greatly?
How many will volunteer
To create great lives and loves?
Look to the past: how many
Are the volunteers on the scroll?

Surely democracy
Will mean the end of greatness
Unless you, O young world,
Spring forth to the call—
Firstlings of the voluntary life—
To go forth in yourself
To the terrible pains of growth,
To new births and new visions,
To the living of new values,
To the risks of loneliness and persecution and discomfort.
Examples—they are the contagious flame in democracy;
Teachers—they are the revealing light for the people.

The young world has indeed sprung forth in might and majesty to meet this challenge of autocracy. Through discipline and

sacrifice the nation is being cleansed and consecrated. In the vast output of verse, the greatest and most varied literary fruitage since the French Revolution, this note of spiritual redemption is dominant. Years after this epic struggle for world-democracy shall have passed into history, our children's children will read in collections of English and American verse, bound together in a new Golden Treasury, such poems as Rupert Brooke's famous sonnet, Alan Seeger's *I Have a Rendezvous With Death*, Herbert Asquith's *The Volunteer*, Kipling's *For All We Have and Are*, Florence Holt's *England and America*, Alfred Noyes' *The Searchlights*, Winnifred Letts' *The Spires of Oxford*, and Henry Van Dyke's *The Name of France*; and there will be no name dearer to the American heart than the magic monosyllable, FRANCE.

This great war has brought into poetry a spirit of liberating adventure, of international brotherhood, of personal sacrifice, and of redemption through suffering, which the verse of no other war so vitally reflects. It is not a joyous literature: it is burdened and mature and sophisticated; the utterance of souls in agony, of minds in spiritual perplexity, of men and women bewildered at the shattering of their dreams. But in all the clash of nations and the chaos of counsel there are heard notes of courage, of faith and of hope. The dead have not died in vain. Rupert Brooke calls them "the rich dead:"

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that un hoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and love, and pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects in a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Youth is exchanging its birthright of buoyant life for an imperishable renown.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow. . . .

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Yes, we will remember them. And more than that, we shall through them and the like of them, and by the ministrations of men and women back at home working not less heroically, live in a freer world.

Our dreams are cast
Henceforward in a more heroic mould;
We have kept faith with our immortal past.
Knights—we have found the lady of our love;
Minstrels, have heard great harmonies, above
The lyrics that enraptured us of old. . . .

From hand to hand
We pass the torch and perish—well content
If in dark years to come our countrymen
Feel the divine fire leap in them again,
And so remember us and understand.

The older poets have had much to say about the joy of living. The knighthood of the trenches, of the air, and of the sea, splendidly bears witness to the joy of dying, happy in the thought that it may have a part in passing on the torch of freedom and in perishing for the larger brotherhood of the world.

And in this new world now slowly emerging out of chaos and black night, the colleges and universities of our land must continue to be, as they have long been, the radiating centers of idealism. Along with the unusual opportunities which these crucial times have brought will come with every advancing day obligations that no young man or woman may ignore. Fortunate indeed are those who graduate in this memorable year. They will throw themselves with all the strength and ardour of their minds into this righteous fight for freedom. And those who follow them in college halls must dedicate themselves with more than ordinary energy to the task of getting ready for a hand in the re-organization of the world—a task that will demand infinite patience, the most highly-trained intelligence, and the soundest wis-

dom. But in this critical hour, when ruthless barbarian hordes are seeking to demolish the very fabric of that Christian civilization which we have counted as our birthright, there can be but one thought and one prayer here today—that tyranny may be stricken from the earth, so that once again in the blood-rich soil of France and Flanders flowers may bloom,

That men may laugh once more and find true worth
In simple things, which are the things of God.



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